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immortality of universality by manifesting to the dullest, as well as the quickest that, while you never forgot yourself, you also never forgot your fellow-men.

For a dilettante circle of artists to play with the fad of "individualism" as a pastime would be well enough, as we need amusements of all kinds to keep Jack from becoming a dull prig. But, for a small circle to arrogate to itself sacro-sanct authority in matters of æsthetics and, when the common-sense artists were much occupied, to slyly retire to some cabaret on the Boulevard Saint Michel and there decide to lift that small-beer amusement to the dignity of the supreme idol and say: "Artists, fall down and worship, under pain of excommunication!" and then to marshal the corrupt critics who live off artists to crack the whip, reminds one of that most discouraging of all the stories in the Bible, in Exodus, Chapter 32, which it is wise now and then to republish and reflect over:

1. And when the people saw that Moses delayed to come down out of the mount, the people gathered themselves together unto Aaron, and said unto him, Up, make us gods, which shall go before us; for, as for this Moses, the man that brought us up out of the land of Egypt, we wot not what is become of him.

2. And Aaron said unto them, Break off the golden earrings, which are in the ears of your wives,

of your sons, and of your daughters, and bring them unto me.

3. And all the people brake off the golden earrings which were in their ears, and brought them unto Aaron.

4. And he received them at their hand, and fashioned it with a graving tool, after he had made it a molten calf: and they said, These be thy gods, O Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt.

5. And when Aaron saw it, he built an altar before it; and Aaron made proclamation, and said, To-morrow is a feast to the LORD.

6. And they rose up early on the morrow, and offered burnt-offerings, and brought peace-offerings; and the people sat down to eat and to drink, and rose up to play.

7. And the LORD said unto Moses, Go, get thee down; for thy people, which thou broughtest out of the land of Egypt, have corrupted themselves:

8. They have turned aside quickly out of the way which I commanded them: they have made them a molten calf, and have worshiped it, and have sacrificed thereunto, and said, These be thy gods, O Israel, which have brought thee up out of the land of Egypt.

9. And the LORD said unto Moses, I have seen this people, and, behold, it is a stiffnecked people:

GEORGE INNESS, SENIOR

See frontispiece and page 235

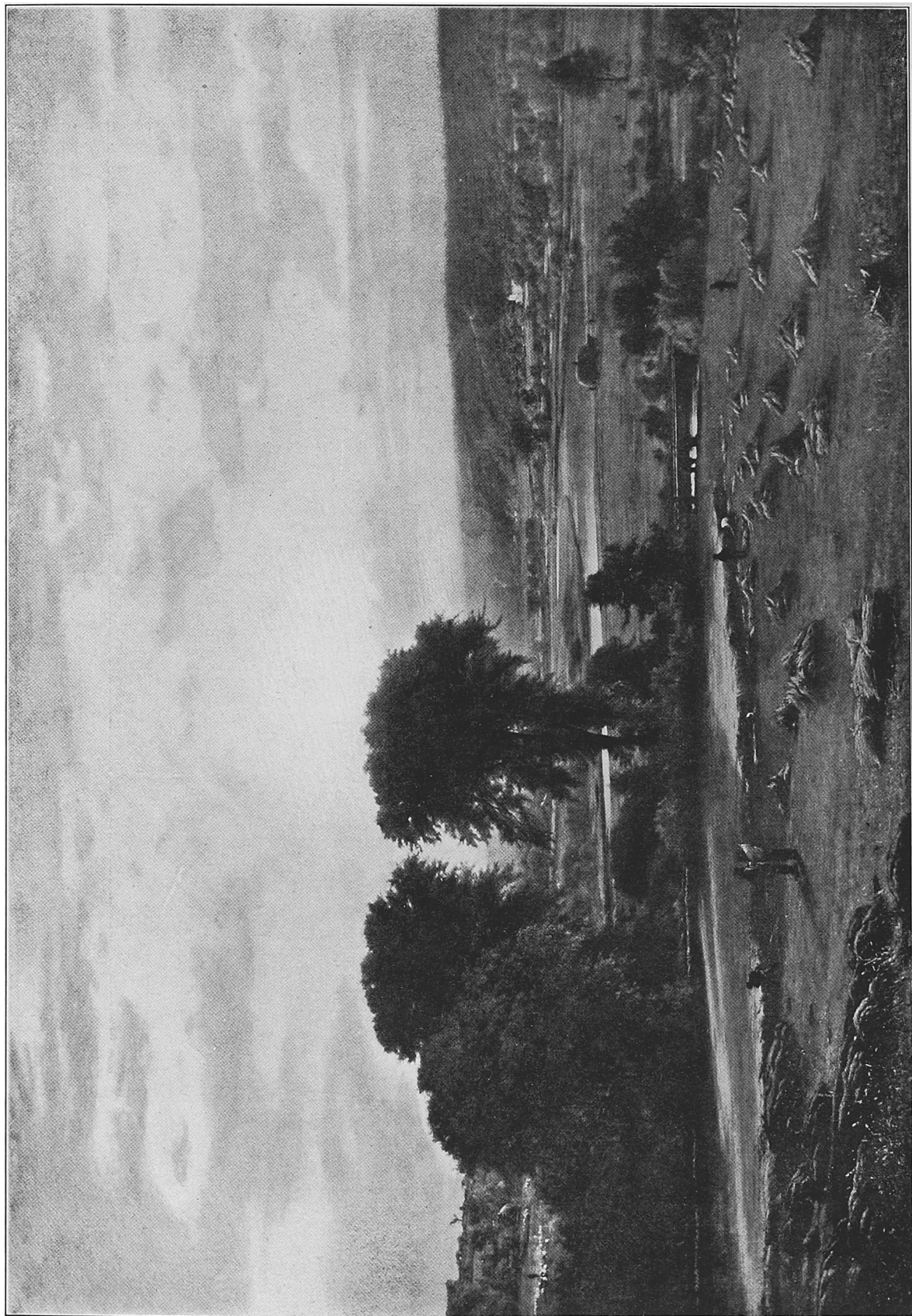
WITH his purely Keltic name, for *inis* is the Gaelic for "island," the late George Inness inherited a certain trait of the Irish, western Scottish and Welsh temperaments, namely, an imagination of a definite racial sort. This may be seen in some if not all of his paintings. The writer remembers well many a monologue uttered by Inness when he occupied rooms in the old University barrack on Washington Square where the painter had a studio. As it happens with a goodly number of painters, Inness liked to talk to a sympathetic listener while he painted, and the talk was sure to fall into a monologue, with the chances in favor of a disquisition in line with the writings of Emanuel Swedenborg, theories, namely, of a world of spirits about and above our common humanity, reaching upward through hierarchies to the great central Mind and Force that is God. True to atavism, Inness peopled the circumambient air with disembodied souls and spirits, just as the Keltic folk in all parts of the world has clung to a belief in brownies, elves and kelpies, the "good people," the invisible denizens of raths and haunted mounds, wildwoods and desolate moors, avenues of menhirs at Karnac, circles of rude blocks at Stonehenge.

Sometimes, whilst he waxed eloquent on some such topic, he would look with disapproval on the canvas before which he stood, and, after a few agitated steps to and fro, fall upon that canvas with fury. Perhaps it was becoming a gentle pastoral of wood and pasture with a smiling sky—presto! the meadows began to disappear and grey rocks took their place. The sky was blotted out with long writhing serpents of dark cloud; a stunted copse bent

under a blast from the sea, rain-gusts flew between cloud and moor and in an incredibly short time, during which his tongue and brush seemed to be running an even race, the joyous landscape had become a scene of desolation full of Druidic curses or one exactly suited to an "impression" made by the mystical, mythical poet Ossian, as we manage to get it through a translation by Macpherson. The wild, uncanny, cloudy and foggy literature of the Scots who spoke Gaelic in the eighteenth century—ballads the people understood because the names of heroes and places were familiar, as well as the allusions to traditional history and myth—these were suddenly given a fitting background through the inspired brush of a descendant who lived far from the original scenes, away across the ocean!

How far Inness was conscious of this it would be hard to say. Probably it was unconscious, for he did not talk of the old literature, not even of that saved in English by Macpherson.

We have to reckon with this trait of George Inness when we attempt to decide whether this or that canvas was or was not his own. Often he changed a picture so thoroughly that a man at work with him in his studio might be easily deceived. After passing through a comparatively conventional period, during which he made many fine, even noble compositions that recall other masters, he attained a facility with the brush that sometimes proved fatal to pictures which deserved to live. How often the writer regretted that Inness did not take a fresh canvas to the new inspiration possessing him, and leave the innocent victim of his creative fancy alone; it would be relished now!



PAINTED BY GEORGE INNESS

"PEACE AND PLENTY"

See pages 234 and 250

This month two of his magisterial canvases are reproduced: "Autumn Oaks," see frontispiece, translated on the woodblock by Timothy Cole, and "Peace and Plenty—Delaware Valley," see page 235, interpreted by the photograph, both of them pictures that may be seen in New York at the Metropolitan Museum.

Whether George Inness, Senior, was the greatest landscape painter of his time in America may be left to those who enjoy such rather academical, rather profitless discussions. Enough, that he enriched America with many imposing and beautiful canvases that testify to his love of nature, whether it might be one reflecting those scenes of wood and field steeped in the golden haze of our autumn, or the lush green transcript of a day in May beside a bush-bordered river. William Blake also was a devotee of Swedenborg, but the same philosophy worked itself out in Inness by other paths. In landscape he trod many ways and proved himself versatile to the verge of bewilderment.

Appreciation of his work began long before his death and has increased steadily since. This has been unfortunate for George Inness, Junior, whose undeniable merit as a painter has been obscured by his father's vogue. At first it helps an artist to have the same name as a celebrated father; but in the long run it becomes a drawback, because most collectors have not the needful discrimination, or else they lack the courage to buy pictures strictly on their merits—while the older master's work has a well defined value and appeals to their habit of thrift.

On his artistic side Inness was a bit of a Pantheist and could not fairly have disavowed his nearness in that respect to the "poor Indian" who sees God in clouds and hears Him in the wind; perhaps he would not have dreamt of disavowal of that kind. The reader is referred to some very interesting personal recollections of George Inness by Frederick S. Lamb in another part of this magazine.

THE WINTER ACADEMY EXHIBITION

WE bespeak for the Winter Academy exhibition, which closes January the 14th, 1917, the hearty interest of the American public in general and of the New York public in particular. For it is an interesting exhibition and worthy of study.

To the extent of its power THE ART WORLD desires to support the Academy in all its endeavors, as long as it hews true to the line of common-sense in art, and uses its power to stimulate the production not only of clever art but also of great and expressive art in America, so long as it fights shy of and discourages the production of degenerate "modernistic" art by steadfastly refusing to exhibit any of it under any pretext whatever.

THE ART WORLD will not indulge in the venial sport of "knocking"—so foolishly practised by silly professional and lay critics and, to their own detriment, by artists who should know better. But it claims the privilege to make helpful criticisms of the defects in such works of art as seem to be serious efforts on the part of the artist to do something really fine and enduring.

At the Academy exhibitions the best we have of art is shown and the best way for Americans to

foster our own art and to make it better every year is to patronize these shows and buy such pictures as appeal to the instinctive liking or admiration of our people who wish to own pictures—buy them independently of what any artist or critics might say. Only by following its own instincts will the American people express their true individuality; whereas, if they follow pretentious critics, many of whom are warped by the excessive and often anarchistic æsthetics of half-baked newspaper critics of Europe, they are apt to be bewildered and not know what they should buy. Thus people either purchase nothing or fail to express their real tastes and feelings to the detriment of the true development of a genuine and original school of art in America. If the public does not buy, it should at least go to the exhibition and study and reflect. No person who makes any pretensions to culture can afford to miss seeing these shows at least once.

As there is not time before going to press to make a proper study of the Winter exhibition we content ourselves with wishing the Academy success and promising to give, in the next number, a careful estimate of the exhibition.

DONOGHUE'S YOUNG SOPHOKLES

See page 236

AT the time of the naval battles round Salamis between the fleet of the Persians and that of the Athenians and their allies, Sophokles was about fifteen. He belonged to one of the old families of Attika, a boy of great beauty, pupil to the musician Lampros.

After the Persians withdrew Sophokles was chosen to lead the chorus of boys that performed a dance of thankfulness, nude and in procession, to gratify the gods who so opportunely had helped them to turn back the barbarian and save Greece. This is the subject that was taken by a young American for a statue thirty years ago. It appeared in the

Paris Salon of 1885 and is now the property of the Art Institute of Chicago. It is in plaster.

Sophokles was noted for his good looks even as an old man and also for the charm of his manners, although some pickthanks appear to have criticised the evenness of his temper, calling it indifference, and other pickquarrels have charged him with being a trimmer in politics. At fifty-five he went out as general under Perikles against rebellious Samos and acted as ambassador and commissioner for his state to various parts of Greece in Europe and in Asia. The author of several hundred dramas, the surviving seven of which rank with the greatest known in



PAINTED BY GEORGE INNESS

"AUTUMN OAKS"

ENGRAVED BY TIMOTHY COLE

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